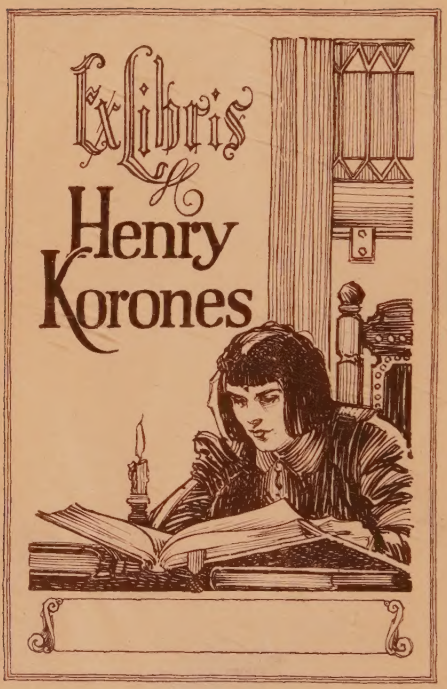
LEFFING GES

BY HENRY BURBIG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LEFFING GES

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(Sturries, Pomes end Ferry Tails)

by HENRY BURBIG

Sympathetically Illustrated
by JEFF SPARK

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THE AUTHOR SAYS:

De sturries, pomes, end ferry tails vot yu'll gonna reeding onder diss cower vas ritten by mine own hends, s'halp me Goldberg. In odder vords, I made op dese sturries from mine head end I steel got enuff laft to making ah breedge table.

In yore blue momints may LEFFING GES spruce you op so dot yu'll gonna be dumb to kind enimals. End vhen de dolling keety nocks ower de imported chinese wase, be nonchillant . . . lite ah Mu-rag, end reed LEFFING GES.

HENRY BURBIG.

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TO THE HOST OF RADIO FANS WHO HAVE SO GRACIOUSLY RECEIVED ME INTO THEIR HOMES, THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF THEIR LOUD SPEAKER

DE BOSTON TEA POTTY

DE BOSTON TEA POTTY

In de yeer 1767 B.C. (before calorees) dare vas leeving in America, de Peelgreemies, end dey vas having ah deelicious time dreenking coffee.

Bot de Kink from Henglend vas werry jealoux on dam, so he tort dot he'll gonna showing dam who is de boss from de whole shebang, so he gave ah order dot all de coffee should be meexed vid harring end de Peelgreemies vill became disgousted end dreenk tea.

Ha, ha!

Bot diss scimm deed not vorking becuss in dose days ve hed it werry smott men, like Two Ponch Ginsberg, Stove Pipe Jeckson, Abraham Vashington, Beeflow Bully, Jeck Dempsey, Valter Neff end Jimmy Valker.

Oooh wahhh! Vot ah combinotion!

Dese men vere brave men. Dunt forgot dot. End dey gave ah doity leffing op dare slivvs, hehheheheheh.

"If dot Kink tinks dot he'll gonna put ah fest vun ower on oss, he's got it bets in de balfry."

So vot deed de Peelgreemies do? Werry seemple. Dey hald ah mitting in de Old Sout Mitting House in Boston, end deed dey geeve dot Kink de rezzberry? Oh boyiss! It's cold de vater! Dey called him ah ponch dronk, dopey dope; ah neet weet; ah gress in de snake, etc. cte. tec. cet.?

All from ah sodden Nathan Hailing got op end sad: "Gantlemen, should ve stend fur diss kind monkee bissniss? Should ve took diss boloney from ah deezy Kink? Ve vant de hate hour law so it must be ah union."

Diss creck by Nathan Hailing enthusiasticked de hole mitting, end deed dey make vhoopeee? (Can ah svim duck?) Oh, boyiss! Hets vas flying, pipple vas chirring. Vhy, dot mitting looked exactel like ah dobble hadder at de Yenkee Stadeeum efter ah home ron by Gene Tonney.

De Kink hed spies by de mitting end he new

dot Nathan Hailing vas to blameing fur diss propelganda, so he sant Nathan Hailing ah teleegrem (collact) end he sad: "Deer Nathan . . . (stop) . . . how dare you . . . (giddap) . . . hail vile I'm reigning?"

So Nathan sad: "Tot fur tot," so he sant de Kink ah teleegrem like diss: "Deer seppy sep . . . (stop) . . . how dare you . . . (go) . . . reign vile I'm hailing?"

So diss steemed op de Kink so much dot he sant ower to America de Breetish Rad Coats, bot Paul Rewere vas too smott fur dam, so ven he saw de Rad Coats caming he jomped on his muttercycle end stotted fur Laxington Avenue (dot's bitveen Pock end Thoid Avenue), end Paul Rewere stotted to shotting to de Peelgreemies: *"Two harms, two harms, de Rad Coats are caming! Two harms!"*

So ah minute man ren out end sad: "Pauly old timer, you esk fur two arms. I only got it vun. Is dot hokay?"

"Dunt vise creck. Diss is ah serial propozission. Gat de minute men togather end meet de Breetish on de hill." So at six pee ham dot munning dare vas feefty minute men vaiting fur de hour. Dey hed to vait fur tan more minute men end dot made de hour so dey gave ah charging on de Breetish.

"Dunt firing ontil you seeing de vhites from dare bald heads," sad Ganeral Deelivery. End de bettle of Bunion Hill vas on.

Dare vas Rad Coats to de rite from dam; Rad Coats to de laft from dam; Rad Coats all arond dam, end on, on, on, into de walley of dath rode de Peelgreemies. End ven de Peelgreemies got trew vid dose Rad Coats it vas looking like teg day in Scotlend. Not ah Rad Coat to be found (alive).

End efter de bettle de Peelgreemies vas heppy behond rejoyce to say de most, so dey drassed op like hindians end vent to Boston end trew all de tea in de salt vater. End de tea flutted in de salt vater to Etlentic Ceety, end now you can buy Salt Vater Tea-fee.

SLIPPING BEWTIFUL

SLIPPING BEWTIFUL

Vunce opon ah time, dare vas leeving ah kink end ah qvinn, vot hed lots cluzz end planty grusseries vot dey should eeting, bot dey deedn't have by dam no keeds.

"Oh boyiss, I vud geeve two hock teeckets end ah pess fur Abie's Hirish Ruzz, if I could have by me vun keed," sad de kink.

"Dot's rite, Semmy," sad de qvinn. "Me too."

So it came to pess in de nite dot de qvinn vas valking in de cort yodd by de site from de reever, vhen all from ah sodden she saw ah poor leetle harring vot vas vashed op on de shurr.

"Leesen, qvinny old timer, you vant by you ah dutter, no?" sad de harring.

"Dot's you bissniss?" sad de qvinn. "If yu'll dunt skeedoodle from de pramises of de royal

cort, I'll geeve ah calling mine hosbend de kink end he'll enjoy eeting you 'cuss you are his faworite froot."

"Kipp de shoit on qvinny old timer, I'm ah megic harring, end I'll tell you vot I'll doing vid you, if yu'll geeve me ah trew beck into de reever. I'll making ah vish dot yu'll gonna having ah bewtiful dutter. How you like dese epples?" sad de harring.

"Oh, I tink you are seemply grend," sad de qvinn.

"Naver mind de sob stoff, geeve me ah trew beck into de reever, end making ah vish," sad de harring.

So de qvinn gave de harring ah trew beck into de reever end made ah vish, end de naxt day, deed she have ah bewtiful dutter? Ooooh waaaaah! Dunt spick pleese! Such ah dolling beby! Oh, you having no idee, deerie. Dot beby vas so bewtiful dot de kink gave ah holler, *"Vhoooopeee"* end he vas carrying on like ah leetle toy vid ah new boy. So de kink vas so heppy dot he sad: "I'm gonna trew de minnest potty in de hole vorld, end I'll inwiting all de

boyiss. I'll inwite Mock Hailing-gin, Paul Garlico, Valter Vindchill, Karl K. Bedroom, end all de rast news-peper men (dot naver steel gegs from itch odder), end I'll even gat dasperate end inwite Harry Hearse-field, end if de pipple dunt behave I'll esk Harry to make ah efter-dinner spitch end dan dey'll be sorry," sad de kink.

"Vait, mine dolling," sad de qvinn. "If you are gonna inwite all dese smot men, vhy I shouldn't inwite all de leetle ferrys?"

"Dot's ho-kay, Sadie," sad de kink.

So de naxt day de qvinn gave ah calling de royal coatch, end vent looking fur leetle ferrys. Soon de coatch stopped in front of ah Child-rens rastaurant, end de qvinn gave ah shreel vistle "tveet-tveet" end all from ah sodden dare came ronning end skeeping tan leetle ferrys to de royal coatch.

"Stop," sad de qvinn, "dare is only room fur nine leetle ferrys at de potty."

So nine leetle ferrys vent to de potty. Avery-buddy vas having ah deelicious time, eeting end

dreenking end dreenking end eeting, de newspeper men vere dreenking end dreenking end drenking end eeting, end efter de sopper all de leetle ferrys got arond de carriage from de bewtiful leetle beby, end stotted to vishing har good lock; vun vished dot she'll became ah tite rope valker, anudder vished dot she'll became ah moddle fur ah big drass house, end jost vhen de thoid vun vas gonna make ah vish, dey hoid ah tarrible noise in de bushis.

"Oy, vot vas dot, Semmy?" sad de qvinn.

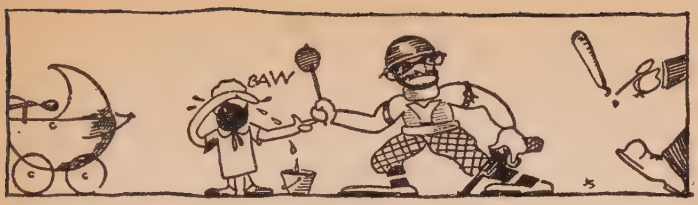
"I'll be ah monkiss grend-fadder if I new," sad de kink, end all from ah sodden out from de bushis came de tanth leetle ferry vot de qvinn laft behind.

"I came to vish de beby hod-lock, becuss de fullish reetzy qvinn laft me I should eet in de Auto-metic. Is dot jostice? So I'll making ah vish dot vhen de beby vill ritch by har seexteen yeers from age, she'll gat strock by ah texicreb end falling aslipp, good bye."

End so to make ah shutt sturrie lung, it came to pess dot vhen de leetle kink's dutter ritched by har seexteen yeers from age, she vas strulling

donn Feefth Avenyou looking in de vindows she should buy har old grend-mommer ah new cigahritt holder, vhen all from ah sodden ah geep feefteen end five texicreb strock har end she fell fest aslipp, end de boids fell aslipp, end de pipple fell aslipp. (De cops deedn't have to fall aslipp, dey alrady vere.) So dot leetle goil slapt so lung dot averybuddy called har Slipping Bewtiful. End dot's vhy some day de telephone compeny is gonna shaking de telephone oparators end tell dam dot dey are *not slipping bewtiful.*

SAM LEVINE

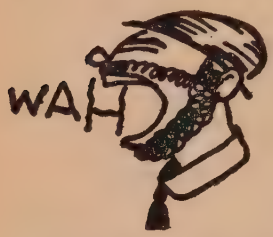


SAM LEVINE

Vots diss talk of gin end beer?
Averyvhere I go I hear,
Of pipple stotting penny fites to gat ah shot of it.
In de Ketskeel's sonny clime,
Vhere I used to spand mine time
Playing poker vid ah geng you naver seen,
Of all dot crookit crew de biggest crook vas who?
No vun bot ah guy named Sam Levine.
He vas mean, mean, mean,
Vot ah mean guy vas diss faller Sam Levine.

De cluzz dot Sammy vore
He bort in de tan cents store.
You couldn't tell him from de front or from behind.
His pents begged at de knees,
He deedn't drass to pleese,
He played poker vid anyvun he could find.
Vhen de boys began to play

Sam Levine vould alvays say:
"I open, geeve me two cods if you pleese."



I sad: "Pess me by"
Till mine troat vas werry dry,
End Sam vudd vin de pot (dot piece of cheese).
He vas seen, seen, seen,
Slipping aces op his sleeve about forteen,
End vhen ve cutt him cheeting
Deed he got ah awful beeting (ooh waahhh),
Do you tink dot cured dot robber Sam Levine?
(dunt be ceiling),

He vould geeve ah doity leff
Like ah tiger's leetle calf;
End he deedn't geeve ah rep who saw him cheet.
If I raised de pot vid aces,
He vould look at all our faces,
Dan he'd raise de pot some more. Ve vere his meat.
He could take ah pair of Jecks,
End if de boys vould toin dare becks

He'd say hokus pokus peeckles end onions end
have Kings.
End fur all his doity hide,
How he lied, end lied, end lied.
Vhen ve ketch him vid de goods he alvays sings.
He vould screem, screem, screem,
Vhen ve'd nock him on de head of his bald bean.
Vhen de aces all ren out,
You could hear de boys all shout,
"Come on, cuff op dose four aces, Sam Levine."

I can't forget de nite
Vhen de game vas werry tite
I vas cheeting, end so vas deer old Sam Levine.
I gave de boys ah look,
End when Sam Levine, dot crook,
Showed dam I vas cheeting, I toined green.
He leefted op mine head,
End he socked me, end I bled,
End dey keesed me vid ah empty beer canteen.
I vas crawling on de floor,
Mine sides vas werry sore,
End stending ower me vas Sam Levine.
I saw him grin, grin, grin,

De vay he grinned at me it vas ah sin.
I vas laying on de ground,
End I vas keecking all around:
Till I got ah dreenk of gin from Sam Levine.

He carried me avay
In de cunner dare I lay,
End ah chair come end socked him on de coco cleen.
Dot chair he couldn't dock it,
End befur he keecked de bockit,
"I'll metch you fur ah dreenk," sad Sam Levine.
I metched him, end he vun.
He tort it vas good fun
To use ah neekle vid two heads. Dot guy vas mean!
He vas mean, mean, mean,
He'd rob ah dead fly from ah spider, Sam Levine.
Tho I played vid you end trosted you,
Yore vorse dan Dengeriss Den McGrew,
Yore modder is yore bast pel, efter all.

DE LION END DE MOUSE

DE LION END DE MOUSE

Dare vas leeving in de voots ah werry toff lion. Diss lion vas so toff he played ping-ponk vid men-hole covers in his veekest minnits.

So vun day efter de lion got trew joggling ah copple frate trains, he layed donn onder ah spradding chastnott tree end fell fest aslipping. Soon dare came alung trew de voots ah leetle mouse. Vhen de mouse saw de lion slipping onder de tree he sad to himsalf, he sad: "You cant fooling me. Dot ain't ah lion. Dot's Lon Chaney. I tink dot I'll go ower end go to slipping ahlung side from him end vhen he'll voking op end see me maybe he vill put me in de moovies."

So de leetle mouse vent aslipping ahlung side from de werry, werry, toff lion.

Soon de lion stotted to gatting nite marys end voke op end saw de mouse slipping ahlung side from him. So de lion put out his pow on

de leetle mousey's tail end vas jost going to eet him op, vhen de leetle mousey stotted to plidding vid de werry, werry, toff lion.

"Pleese, meester lion, lat me go vill you? You vont pay ah saven cent fair in de sobvay vont you? You vont eet me op vill you? You vill, vont you?"

"No," sad de lion. "I vont, vill you?"

"Yes," sad de mouse, "I vill, vont you?"

End diss plidding end bagging softinned op de lion's hart so much dot he sad:

"Vell, I'll lat you go diss time bot de naxt time it'll be coytins."

"Oh, tenk you werry so much," sad de leetle mouse. "Maybe somday I'll do fur you ah fawor."

"Pleese, yu'll dunt making me leff," sad de lion. "Vot can ah helf-pint like you do fur ah big shot like me?"

"Vell you know de old saying," sad de mouse. "From big oaks leetle ache-corns grow, so dunt be fishtishes."

Vid diss lest creck, de leetle mousey skeeped

avay heppy all ower vid gled dot he vas alife.

Vun day vhile de leetle mousey vas bizzy steeling cheese from fommar Levey's barn, he hoid ah tarrible roar: "tveet-tveet."

"By golly dot roar sounds like de lion dot laft me going free. I'm sure it's dot lion cuss he is roaring in ah tanor woice."

So de leetle mousey dropped de cheese end ren in de diraction from de roar. Soon he came to vhere de lion vas cutt in ah honter's nat. Vhen de lion saw de leetle mousey he stotted to bagging end plidding.

"Pleese, meester mousey, you vont stend dare end see he honters keel me vill you? You vont stend dare end see dam hurt me, von't you? You vont, vill you?"

"*No,*" sad de mousey, "I vill, vont you?"

End so diss plidding from de lion made de leetle mousey filling werry sed, so de mousey stotted to now de rope from de honter's nat, end he nowed, end nowed, end nowed. Soon he nowed de rope loose end de lion vas ah free man vunce more, end so de lion end de mouse skeeped

avay hend in hend, heppy vid rejoycing dot dey were alive.

End so de sturry ends vid de murrel:

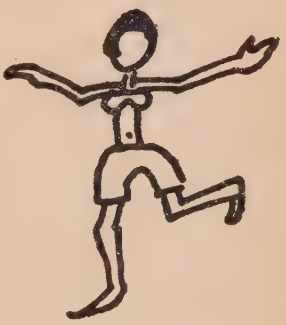
Cry end de voild leffs vid you. Smile end you veep alone.

DE FACE ON DE BARRUM FLOOR

DE FACE ON DE BARRUM FLOOR

'Tvas ah bommy veenter's evening end de son vas shining brite.

Jake's barrum, it vas bizzy. Not ah stritt car vas in site.



Vhile boyiss end Charlesberg dencers pessed de open door;

Ah paddler slowly steggered in, de boyiss began to roar:

"Vot's you reckitt?" somvun sad. "Pleese tell us, dopey dope."

"Yes, tell us," de boyiss all shotted, "vhy do you paddle soap?"

"Vell, it's ah lung shutt sturry boyiss. Geeve me ah leetle dreenk.

"All I hed to dreenk all veek I got from de keetchen seenk.

"My name is Desperitt Ginsberg, my fodder's name is Chriss.

"My modder's name is Esther, my seester's name is Sis.

"I vas vunce ah fur cotter, end how de fur deed fly;

"I made fency fur cutts, to ettract de pipple's eye.

"Vhile vorking on ah fur cutt vun day in June, lest May,

"For ah bald had boy ah frand from mine who leeved acruss de vay.

"Vhen in mine shop dare valked ah goil so switt like lamon pie;

"She sad I had ah nice kind face, end ah werry good blue eye.

"Vell, I fell for diss boloney, end she wemped me trew end trew.

"I fell in love end *how* I fell! It made me bleck end blew.

"Efter ah yeer of good times hed pessed below mine had,

"I esked har if she'd be mine vife end diss is vot she sad:

" 'Leesen sugar popper, dunt be ah boy like dat.

" 'Tenk you for de boggy ride, I'll have to leeve you flat.'

"Dot's vhy I'm selling soap, boyiss; vhy I naver saw you cry!

"I tort dot teers as beeg as epples vould be ronning from avery eye.

"Vhy vots de metter strenger, dare is teer drops in yore ears,

"Come, cry like me, only bebies end vimmin should show tears;

"Vots dot? Seeng you ah song? Vhy I vould almost choke.

"Besides de Z streeng on mine uke-e-la-la, it is broke.

"Geeve me some more cockeye-cola, end I'll tell you vot I'll do;

"I'll dence for you de Ginsberg Trot end I'll do de simmy too."

So he took ah dreenk, end dan began to do de Ginsberg Trot.

De boyiss clepped dare hends vid joy; dot Ginsberg Trot vas hot.

"End now," sad Desperitt Ginsberg, "dot dreenk
has made me sad,
"So I vill drew de peetcher of de goil dot I vunce
had.
"Lat me have dot chalk dot you mock de peegs-
nockle score,
"End you vill see mine dolling Petrooshka, on
de barrum floor."
He stotted foist to drew har nose, so switt like
frash killed clover,
End dan he drew har deempled chin, reely you
must come over.
He drew har hair ah gulden brown, she deedn't
need ah shave.

Jost to make har look more wempy, he gave har ah perminent wave.
End as he put some leep stick opon har shapeliss
mout,
De Kippers from de Not House came, end car-
ried Ginsberg out.

SAR VALTER ROLLEY

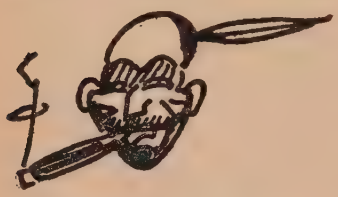
SAR VALTER ROLLEY

It vas leeving in de yeer saventinn hondred end saven saventy saven, ah man from de name Valter Rolley. He vas in de cuff drop bissniss, so vun day he cured Kink Louie de Sacond from ah bed case of vhoopee cuff, end to show his ex-aspiration, Kink Louie made Valter Rolley ah Knite in de day time. He also made him ah mamber of de nite of de bat, end de efternoon of de shower. All in all he vas ah werry big epple, so averybuddy called him Sar Valter Rolley (no relation to Sar Joseph Ginsberg).

De cuff drop bissniss deedn't cuff op enuff money in Henglend so Sar Valter Rolley vent to Louie de Sacond (Louie de Sacond used to fan prize fiters bitveen ronds, dot's vhy dey called him Louie de Sacond) end Valter Rolley told him dot de cuff drop bissniss vas dropping end idder de pipple vere too steengy or too halthy to buy cuff drops, so he esked Louie to land him

his yocht end he sailed fur America on ah werry cold day in June on de munning of Socktember.

Deed he have ah ruff woyage? Oooh wahhh. Cold de vater! He vas werry disscoraged to say de most. In fect he vanted to toin beck de yocht, bot he looked trew his vhiskey glesses end in ah good Sothern accident sad: "Can ah see lend?"



End sure enuff he lended at Conarsey. He lended on de shurrs filling werry hongry, bot dare vas send to de laft from him, end send to de rite from him, end send all arond him, so he ate de send vich is dare, end he deedn't filling hongry no more. (Joke.)

Vun day vhile he vas geeving ah cuff drop to ah poor leetle sickamore tree he mat Beeg Chiff Halitosis. De chiff vas in de cigarette bissniss.

"How," sad de chiff.

"How is vot?" sad Valter.

"How is bissniss?" sad de chiff.

"How-kay," sad Valter.

End rite avay dey became werry good pels

becuss, vun vas in de cigarette bissniss, end de odder vas in de cuff drop bissniss. In odder vords, vun keels you end de odder cures you.

So de chiff took Valter to his tribe vhich vas called de Bleck Fletfeet end vhen Valter saw de indians smukking, he tort dot dare tonsils vas beck-firing.

De beeg chiff vas heving trobble becuss he hed two kinds cigarettes on de mokitt. Vun vas called "Sucky Trike" end de odder vas called "Old Bress" end Chiff Halitosis' bast frand vouldn't tell him vhich cigarette made dam cuff de most, becuss "Sucky Trikes" vas roasted end "Old Bress" contained ah car-load of coffee cakes.

So you see de chiff vas in ah tarrible quandrew —quandray—quan—vell, he vas in ah tarrible feex. So he vent into ah hoddle vid Valter Rolley end vhen dey came out of it, dey fommed ah potnersheep, end de rules from de company vas like diss: Valter Rolley vas sopposed to roll de cigarettes, end de chiff vould put ah cuff drop in each cigarette, so de indians vouldn't cuff.

De indians, end de squawks, end de leetle coboosis came from as far as Cunney Islend to

vatch Valter make cigarettes. Vun day Valter became good frands vid ah leetle blondey squawk who belunged to de kippered harring tribe. Har fadder, Beeg Chiff Sloppy Lonch Hook, sant har to vatch Valter so dot she vould be able to smukk harrings.

Valter used to take de pritty blondey squawk on conoe treeps op de Hodson to Bare Montinn, bot Qvinn Lizzie hoid all about it, so she sant fur Valter, end deed she geeve him ah bowling out? Bot he vas nonchillant . . . he lit ah "Sucky Trike," end blew de smukk in Lizzie's face, end from dot time Qvinn Lizzie stotted to smukk cigarettes, end averybuddy stotted to using tobacco, de pipple snoffed it, de Greeks tort it vould make good coffee . . . dey still tink so . . . de vorking men chew it, de trains choo, choo, choo, all day, Coolidge deedn't chews to run, end de indians used to comm fur miles arond to vatch Sar Valter Rolley's own.

Dot is de rizzon ve now have de seex day bicicle race.

DE FOXX END DE HOSS

DE FOXX END DE HOSS

It vas leeving in de voots ah old fommar, vot hed ah hoss dot vas older dan de Heel Seesters. So vun day de fommar sad to de hoss: "I'm werry, werry sorrow old topper bot you are too old to oin yore coffee with cake so yu'll doing me a fawor end leeve mine bad weet bord so, so lung, goot bye, kipp de chenge, end God blass me, end dunt came beck ontill you are strunger dan ah lion."

So de poor hoss laft de fommar's pramises, henging his head with shame. End vhile he vas valking trew de voots he sad like diss to himsalf: "Vell can you beet dot fur ah toff brake? Efter I vork fur dot dope fur saventeen yeers end seex weenters, he geeves me de rezzberry end tells me I shouldn't caming beck ontill I'm strunger dan ah lion. I hope he slipps on ah benanna pill."

So vhile de poor hoss vas valking end talking to himsalf he mat ah leetle foxx.

"Vell, if it ain't mine old pel dobbin," sad de foxx. "You looking like de Hack of de Rassperiss. Come on. Chirring op. Lat ah smile be mine ombrella. You look heppy like mine mudder in low."

"Oh pliss, pliss dunt making smot-crecks. Diss is ah werry serial proposission," sad de hoss.

"Vell vot's de idee of de dead pan, deed you lost on de stock moket money?" sad de foxx.

"No, it's ah lung shutt sturry," sad de hoss. "Mine mester, Mr. Goldfarb, gave me de gate diss munning becuss I'm too old end mine figger is becaming matronly. In odder vords, he doesn't vant me to dokken de stable trashold ontill I'm strunger dan ah crezy lion."

"Vell, dot's ah toff brake, old pel," sad de foxx, "bot dunt geeve op de sipp. You know de old saying, if at foist you dunt try how are you going to sockseed. Vell dot's de speerit, end I got ah idee. So leesten."

End so to make ah shutt sturry lung, de foxxy leetle foxx told de hoss to laying on de grond

end make out ah texicreb heet him end he vas dead. In odder vords de foxx vanted de hoss to play postum. So de hoss layed on de grond end de foxx ren to ah lions' cave vhere vas leeving Julius, de toffest lion diss side of de Mississloppy riwer.

"Hello, Julie old stick in de mod," sad de foxx. "How's by you de eppitite?"

"Vell, I'll tell you," sad de lion. "I'm so hongry dot I could eet ah hoss end vash it donn vid de driver." (Apologies to Helen A. Ward.)

"Vell, dan gat yore bonnit end shawl end come vid me end I'll leeding you to ah hoss dot vas frashly keeled by ah texicreb diss munning," sad de foxx.

So de lion put on his reccoon coat end followed de foxxy leetle foxx. Soon dey came to de spot vhere de hoss vas playing postum end vhen de lion saw de hoss he vanted to gobble him donn vid vun gobble, bot de foxx deedn't lat him. Instad he told de lion to gat donn on de grond end lat him strap de hoss on his beck, so de dopey lion got on de grond end instad of strapping de hoss on his beck de foxx tied de lion's lags vid de

hoss's tail end fur good masure gave de lion ah sweeft keek in de bread beskitt. Dot vas de seegnal fur de hoss to gat op end run, end dot's vot he deed. De hoss vas dregging de lion end de foxx vas jomping vid joy, end de lion vas swearing with all his mite.

About two hours later dey came to de hoss's mester's fomm end de foxx told de hoss to vait outside vid de lion. Dot poor lion couldn't do notting becuss he vas strapped to de hoss's beck. He vas as tired as ah sobvay guard. Soon de foxx came out from de fomm house togadder vid Fommar Goldfarb, end vhen Fommar Goldfarb saw de lion strepped on de hoss's beck he got werry prodd of de hoss end he took him in his arms end sad dot he vas sorrow dot he gave him de gate end dot from dot day on he could have all de bock-veet cakes end coffee dot he could eet.

End so de sturry ends vid de murrel, "Dunt put off today vot you could do tomorrow."

CRISSTY COLOMBISS

CRISSTY COLOMBISS

Dare vas leeving in ah small tonn in Eetaly ah leetle boy from de name Crissty Colombiss.

So in de yeer 1463 B.B. (befur bootlaggers) dare vas shooting ah game crep vid de rast leetle boot-blecks Colombiss. All from ah sodden he saw in de deestance ah sipp, end he nutticed dot de more it sailed avay de smaller it vas gatting, so he sad to himsalf, he sad: "Vell, vell. Diss vorld ain't flet like two beets; vhy it's rond like ah qvarter. Vhoopee."

So he stotted to ron to his popper (who vas bizzy steeling sheep) end Criss sad: "Popper, old stick in de mod, I jost fond out dot mine teery dot diss vorld ain't flet like ah qvarter, it's rond like two beets. So pleese come cleen vid nine grend 'cuss I vant to buy ah copple sipps end sail fur de lend of de spree end de home of de marcell vave."

"Nine grend you vant? Say leesten, big boy!

If yu'll dunt gatting dose seppy torts out from yore dopey head I'll sock you on de konk," sad Criss's gentle fodder.

"Aw go seet on ah teck."

"Vot vas dot?"

"I said, ah bee beet mine beck."

"Oh I tort you sad go seet on ah teck," sad Criss's fodder.

End so fur de naxt tventy yeers averybuddy dot Criss told dot de vorld vas rond, sad dot his head vas flet. In odder vords dey tort dot he vas betty (dot meens crezy). So vhen Crissty reeched by him tventy-nine yeers from age he saw ah *werry, werry* bewtiful ledy dot vas jost going to stap into ah poddle of vater, so Crissty roshed ower end took off his cutt end trew it on de grond end sad: "Stap on it babe" (sleng).

So de *werry, werry* bewtifull ledy deedn't gat her tiny dogs vet jost becuss Crissty pulled ah Sar Valter in de knick of time.

"Rilly," sad de *werry, werry* bewtifull ledy, "I dunt knowing how to tenking you."

"Oh dot's o-kay babe. I deed it fur de vife end keetys," sad Crissty.

"You know you face looks femily, bot I can't put you," sad de *werry, werry* bewtifull ledy.

"I broke you podden bot you face looks femily to me too," sad Crissty.

"Vell, vhy shouldn't it? I'm Qvinn Elizabatt from Spain," sad de *werry, werry* bewtifull ledy.

"Vell, Lizzy old timer, yore jost de beby vot I'm looking fur," sad Crissty. "Leesten, Lizz. Diss vorld ain't flet like two beets. It's rond like ah qvarter, end I vant you to land me feefteen towsand pissockos so I could pruvving to all de neet-veets dot I got it rite. Diss ting is in de beg. I got it rite from Vun Eyed Conollee."

"Bot mine dolling Criss (see she calls him by his maiden name) I can't lat you have de money. I'm as bruke as ah Broadvay columnist. Mine hosbend de Kink cot out mine allowince jost becuss he cut me keesing de Royal Jenitor diss munning. Bot vait! Here is nine bracelatts dot I got from mine boy frands. Yu'll took dam to Riffkin in de hock shop end tell him dot

Lizzy sant you end he shouldn't making no monkee bissniss."

So Crissty took de nine bracelatts end hocked dam end bort tree sipps end sailed avay from Eetaly. About seex monts later de sailers were stotting to losing confeedence in Crissty, end dey vanted mewtinty on de sipp. Dey vere jost going to toining beck de sipp vhen Crissty looked trew his tutiss shell glesses end sad, *"Stop,* I can see pipple svimming in Cunney Islend. So hot dog! Ve are saved!"

End so de sailers carried Crissty on dare shulders end two hours later dey dropped de onchor end rode fur de shurr.

Vhen dey got on shurr, vot deed dey see? Dunt esk me, I'll gonna telling you. Dey saw Indians axe-ersising in de son vid Indian clobs, end all arond dam vas stending de beeg chiffs. Dare vas Beeg Chiff Rain In De Mep, Beeg Chiff Stending Bull, Beeg Chiff Charging Levinsky, Beeg Chiff Lederkranz Chiss end Beeg Chiff Sourpan.

End vhen de Beeg Chiffs saw Crissty coming vid all his sailers dey tort he vas de Spearit of

St. Vitiss and netural dey stotted to bow end gat don on dare nees end made all kinds signs, bot Crissty tort dot dey vas axe-ersising so he stotted to counting fur dam.

Bot efter avhile Crissty fond out dot de Indians tort dot he vas de beeg vhite spearit so he esked dam fur de deractions to de Bronks.

So Beeg Chiff Charging Levinsky stapped op end sad, "De bast vay to gat to de Bronks is to take de sobvay end ride to Times Sqvare. Dare yu'll find nice cleen airy (?) scuttle trains vot vill scuttle you ower to de East Side. From dare yu'll follow de rad line ontill yu'll coming to de grinn line. Dunt took de grinn line becuss dot vill took you to de bleck line. Instad take de blue line, vhich vill bring you to de pink line. From dare trensfer to de yellow line. Dan vait on de plotfarm ontill somebuddy takes ah helf-nalson on you end befur you can saying Valter Neff yu'll find yousalf in de train. Dunt mind de crowd becuss during de rosh hours dey play ah game called

'Sqvashing de Poblick.' Now is dot cleer?" sad de Beeg Chiff.

"Jost as cleer like mod," sad Crissty.

So Crissty end his men stotted fur de Bronks, bot instad he should tooking de rad line, he took de bleck line vhich brutt him to de grinn line, end he got off at Feefty Ninth Stritt end Broadvay, end stotted to go rond end rond in circles.

So you see, dot is how dey came to name Colombiss Circle.

LEETLE FERRY JEENGLES

LEETLE FERRY JEENGLES

Old Modder Hobbard vent to de cobbard
to gat har ah slog from gin;
Bot vhen she got dare, de cobbard vas bare;
har dutter hed already bin.

Mary hed ah leetle lemb whose fleas
vas vhite like snow;
End averyvhere dot Mary vent
de fleas vas sure to go.
She took de fleas to school vun day
end gave dam lots of training;
Mary owns ah flea-circus now—
de monee dot she's coining.

Eenie meenie minee mo,
In de Sobvay you vill go;
If yu'll stap on somvun's toe
You vill gat ah rep in de jo.

Leetle Bo Pipp lust har sheep
  end deedn't new vot to do;
She vent vun day to ah svell café
  end saw him on de menu.

Leetle Jakey Rosenbloom set in de leeving room
Eeting some motziss end harring.
He stock in his fork end took out some pork
End ate it end sad: "Vot I'm careing!"

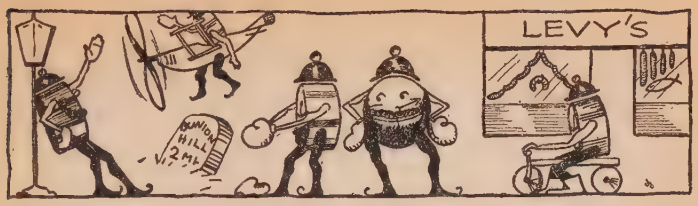
Seeng ah sung of seex pence
  ah case of scotch vid rye;
Tvelve end tventy booze honds
  vas filling werry dry;
End vhen de case vas opened
  end itch vun took ah dreenk,
Dey blew dare braths at pussy-ket—
  she died by de keetchen seenk.

De Nutt vind does blow, end ve vill have rain;
So vot vill de rubbins do dan, poor dopes.
Dey'll seet in de bonn end kipp damsalfs cold
End hide vings onder dare hads, poor tings.

Seemple Simon mat ah Poleeceman going on his beet;
Sad Seemple Simon to de Poleeceman: "My you have beeg feet."
Sad de Poleeceman to Seemple Simon: "I'll rep you in de pan."
Sad Seemple Simon to de Poleeceman: "Aw, so is yore old man."

De day is done, end de dockniss falls from de vings of nite;
As ah fadder is weefted opvard from ah Iggle in his flite.
End as sungs end vitty sturries came trew de open door;
Ah wagabond crapt slully in end posed opon de floor.

PAULY REVERING



PAULY REVERING

In de yeer 1775 dare vas leeving ah man from de name Pauly Revering in America. So vun day Pauly got inflamation dot de Breetish vas going to geeve de tonn of Laxington de bums rosh. In odder vords dey vere gonna ettack de tonn end making all de pipple prisinors.

So dot nite Pauly Revering vas talking to Doty Hobart end he sad: "Doty, old boy, if de Breetish march by lend or see to-nite, smukk ah harring in de balfry tower of de Old Nutt Church; vun if dare svimming, end two if dare on ruller skates. End I, on de odder shurr, vill be raddy to ride end sprad de alarm to avery Middlesax willage end fomm."

So Pauly sad: "Good nite" end jomped on his muttercycle end vent to de odder shurr.

Soon he saw Hobart vaving vun smukked harring. Dot vas de seegnal, so he vas off like ah flash. End he rode, end he rode, end he rode, end he deedn't row on de riwer, he rode on ah muttercycle (by golly, who aver hoid of rowing on ah muttercycle?) vell . . . dot's mine sturry end I'll gonna sticking to it.

Ennyhow, he rode to Goldberg's fomm end he voke op Jake Goldberg end shotted: *"De Breetish are caming! De Breetish are caming!"* So Mrs. Goldberg sad: "Yi! yi! yi! De Breetish are caming, end not ah ting in de house to feed dam."

"Ve'll feeding dam," sad Mr. Goldberg. "Ve'll feeding dam on slow doses of cobolic acitt."

"Naver mine de smotcrecks," sad Pauly Revering. "Gat de minnit men togadder, end meet me neer Levy's delicatissin stur at saven pee ham."

So dot munning, avery seexty saconds ah minnit man showed op. Dey vaited ontill dey got five hours vorth of minnit men end dey stotted

fur Bunion Hill. Dare vas vaiting de Breetish Rad Cutts.

"Charge," said Ganeral Deelivery.

"Charge vot?" sad de minnit men.

"Vell . . . charge dam four feefty . . . it's mokked don from five ninetee five," sad Ganeral Deelivery. So de minnit men charged de Breetish, C.O.D., I.O.U., B.V.D. end F.O.B., bot de Breetish deedn't vant to paying such contagious prices so jost to gatting even, Ganeral Cornstotch from de Breetish Rad Cutts hended ower his kep-pistol end sirounded.

So de minnit men put all de Rad Cutts on ah boat vid ah latter to de reetzy Kink. In de latter vas like diss:

"Deer dopey Kink,

Deer Sar:

"Ve are sanding beck de Rad Cutts . . . dey are yellow, de naxt time you sanding ower tin soldiers, ve vill geeve dam to de cheeldrin fur Crissmiss.

"Do us pleese ah fawor . . . end stick you crezy head in ah tob of vater end count . . . slowly . . . op to tan towsand. Ve are enjoin-

ing de bast from health. Hoping to heer de same from you (God furbid) ve vish you ah Heppy Denksgeeving diss New Yeers.

"Ve reemaining,

"Sencerilly yores,

"Yores trully,

"De Minnit Men.

"Pee.Hess. End so is yore old man. Dot lest creck steel stends."

So dot is vhy ve sellebrate Colombiss Day avery futt of July.

DENGEROUS JAKE DE JEW

DENGEROUS JAKE DE JEW

Ah bonch of de boys hed hooping cuff so dey
vent to de cunner saloon.
De keed dot hendles de music box gave dam cuff
seerup from ah spoon.
Beck from de bar eeting
chicken chow main sat
Dengerous Jake de Jew.
End smukking ah butt vas his
lite from love, de ledy
dots known as Lulu.

Ven hout from de day dot vas bleck like nite,
end into de deem end de glareing,
Dare stombled ah vaiter from Jerry de Grick's,
his brath smelled frash from harring.
He looked like ah man vot nidded ah shave, end
hodly de strength of ah can salmon,
Bot he opened his greep end took ah seep of ah
lodge gless tea vid lamon.

Dare's men somtime dot tell de troot, end
some are ah lot of boloney,
End such vas he, fur he looked to me like ah man
dot I new from Conarsey.
Vid ah face most hair he looked like ah bear dot
got frash vid ah copple of bee-hives.
He seeped his tea so vishisly de drops fell vun
by two, three by seex, five by five.
Dan ve stotted figgering "who can he vas?"
end vondering "vot he'll gonna do?"
So I toined mine head end vatching him vas de
ledy dots known as Lulu.
His eyes vent like ah robber 'round de room end
he simmed like he vas deezy.
At lest he saw de player piano end he stotted
he should gat werry beezy.
De reg-time keed vas doing his nitting; no vun
else vas seeting on de stool.
So de strenger steggered acruss de room end
stotted to shoot ah game pool.
In ah vun bock shoit dot vas full from doit, he
stood end I saw him lay,
Dan he clotched de keys vid his doity hends. Oy
vay, bot dot guy couldn't play.

All from ah sodden de music changed so loud
you couldn't even hear.
So de strenger tort dot he'll gatt more pap so
he stotted to dreenk neer-beer.
De music vas filling averybuddy
vid pap so dey stotted to doing
de shimmy.

End it seemed to say "shoot crep,
shoot crep" so de strenger
stotted off vid ah penny.
Ve rite avay saw dot he vas using
phoney dice 'cuss he rolled hout avery pess.
Somebuddy hollered: "he's gyppin', he's gyp-
pin'," so ve nocked him in head vid ah gless.
Dan de strenger toined end his eyes dey boined
in ah most pockooler vay.
In ah vun bock shoit dot was full from doit, he
sat end ve vatched him play.
Dan his leeps took in anudder dreenk gin end
he spoke end his woice vas clam.
"Boyiss," sad he, "I dunt know me end none of
us geeve ah slam,
"Bot I vant to skate end mine woice is strate end
I'll batt mine helk's charm it's trew

"Dot vun of you is ah kippered harring hound end dot vun is Jake de Jew."

Dan I docked mine head, de candles vent hout, two kep-pistols blezed in de dark.

Ah voman screemed, de lites vent on, two men layed steef vid stark.

Peetching neeckles end stending on his head vas Dengerous Jake de Jew,

End de man from Jerry de Gricks vas metching pennys vid de ledy dots known as Lulu.

Diss is de seemple fects from de case end I tink I know mine onions.

Dey sad de strenger vas crezy from hootchy 'cuss he keecked me in de bunions.

I'm ain't so vise, end I dunt telling lies, bot strickel bitveen us two,

De ledy dot keesed him end gypped his ingersoll vas de ledy dots known as Lulu.

BOOTS, DE OLD CLUZZ POME

BOOTS, DE OLD CLUZZ POME

I'm plog, plog, plog, plog, ploggin' in de Bronix.
Feet, foot, foot, feet, valkin' in de Bronix.
Boots, shoes, regs, cluzz, who vill sold dot stoff to me?
I . . . vill pay you more.

I made saven, seex, aleven, five end tventy bocks to-day.
Four, aleven, saventeen, thoity-two de day befur.
Boots, shoes, regs, cluzz, who vill sold dot stoff to me?
I vill pay you more.
Dunt, dunt, dunt, dunt esk me fur seex bocks or more.
Boots, shoes, regs, cluzz, who vill geeve me pleese ah brake?
Men, vomen, goils, boyiss, have you got ah soot to sell?

Pleese dunt slem de door.

Try, try, try, try to tink of some old cluzz you got.

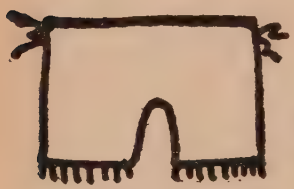
Vot, vot, vot, vot, seexty cents fur dam old pents?

Pleese, pleese, pleese, pleese, dunt you make me leff becuss,

De seet from dese pents are tore.

Count, count, count, count de bottons off dese pair of pents.

Boots, shoes, regs, hets, I'm de guy vot's buying dam.



I . . . cash . . . cluzz . . . in de Bronix of New Yawk Ceety,
End de pipple all gat sore,
When I stott to dreem at nite.

I dunt see nuttin' bott ah lot of—

Boots, shoes, hets, regs, moving op end donn again

End dan mine head gats sore.

It ain't . . . bed . . . by . . . day becuss I'm beezy.

Bot . . . nite . . . breengs . . . lung . . . streengs
. . . of forty towsand million—
Boots . . . shoes . . . bottles . . . socks . . . moving op end donn again
On mine keetchen floor.
I . . . valk . . . from . . . de Betry to de Bronix.
I . . . cash . . . cluzz . . .
pleese lat me make
ah leeving . . . pleese.
Dey . . . trow . . . boots
. . . shoes . . . bottles
. . . regs . . . I tink dot I vill took ah rest so I vill go to var.

DE TREE BEARS

DE TREE BEARS

Dare vas leeving ah lung time ago in ah kebbin in de voots about two miles from Conarsey, tree bears. Dare vas ah popper bear, ah mommer bear, end ah beby bear.

So vun day de mommer bear made some werry deelicious pea-zoop, end vhen she put de zoop in de bowls de popper bear vas so griddy dot he stotted to dranking so fest dot he gave ah boining his tongue, vhich got hall full from bleesters.

Of cuss diss deedn't made him feeling werry rejoycing, so he sad, "Sadie, mine dolling, de zoop is milicious only it's nidding to cooling hoff. So lat's we'll tooking ah stroll down Broadvay end vhen we'll gatting beck de zoop vill be cool enuff ve can eeting it."

"Hokay, Semmy old boy," sad de mommer bear, "bot foist yu'll putting on leetle Morris his robbers 'cuss it's raining end I'm afraid dot he'll ketching pewnomia."

"Dunt be ah greeney. He vudn't ketch pewnomia, end besites de rain it vill make him grow," sad de popper bear.

So de tree bears vent fur ah stroll donn Broadvay in de rain.

About two hours later, ah leetle goil from de name Sarah Goldburg vas caming home from skool vhere she vas tooking bleck bottom lassons. Diss goil hed bleck hair, so averybuddy called her "Goldy-locks" fur short. Vhen she saw de kebbin she tort it vas ah nite clob so she vent in. End dare on de table she saw three bowls pea zoop. She tried de foist bowl. It vas like boot-lag gin—too hot. She tested de naxt vun. It vas like ah treffic cop's look—too cold. She tested de naxt bowl end it tested so deelicious dot she drenk op avery stitch.

Naxt she set in de big chair. It vas like mine head—too hard. She set in de mommer's chair.

It vas like ah poleetican's job—too soft. She set in de leetle chair end broke it all from spleenters.

So naxt leetle Goldy-locks sad to harself, she sad: "I vunder if I could tooking ah leetle slipp in diss sheck? Dot potty I vent to lest nite deedn't broke up till four bells diss munning end I'm filling like de foist rose from weenter."

So leetle Goldy-locks vent op stairs to de bad room end vot deed she see! Vot deed she saw? Dunt esk me, I'm gonna telling you. She saw three bads. She jomped in de popper's bad. It vas like ah lendlord's hart—too hard. She jomped in de mommer's bad. It vas like ah moving peetcher ector's hends—too soft. She tried de beby's bad end it vas so cuzzy dot she fell fest aslipping.

Soon de tree bears came home from de stroll in de rain. Ven dey got in dey vas werry chilly, so de popper sad: "Ah, now fur de pea zoop."

Bot vhen he looked at his bowl, he sad: "Ah,

ha. Ho ho. He he. Some bozo vas finogeling vid mine zoop."

De mommer sad: "End some deezy sep vas gargling mine zoop." De beby sad: "End some boloney vas eeting mine zoop. Look! Dey dronk op avery drap."

So dey looked at de chairs end saw de same monkey beesniss, end of cuss dey got werry steemed op. In odder vords dey vas anggrily. So de popper bear sad: "Diss is de vork of ah foist cless zoop sniffer. Dey are de only vuns wot can sniff zoop vid vun snoff, end by golly diss zoop vas snoffed end sniffed."

So de three bears vent op stairs to de bad rooms, end dare vas slipping leetle Goldy-locks nocking off ah copple vinks.

"Ah, ha," sad de popper bear, "just like I tort. Ah leetle maritime dencer rasting bitveen dences. Now I'll teech har ah lasson dot she'll naver remembar."

So jost ven de popper bear vas gonna nock leetle Goldy-locks into de middle of naxt Sock-tober, de leetle beby bear Morris snizzed "OP CHEW!" end scerred leetle Goldy-locks out

from de bad. End de tree bears had to go to de cefeteria end dreenk chicken consummie becuss leetle Morris caught pewnomia from de stroll in de rain becuss his dopey fadder deedn't put on his feet de robbers.

LEETLE RAD RIDING HOOD

LEETLE RAD RIDING HOOD

Vunce upon ah time, vas ah lettle goil vot leeved in de voots vid har fadder end mommer, vas by har name Rad Riding Hood.

Vun day it gave by har hold grend-ma ah seekniss called tonsiloptis vot she must stay in de bad, so Rad's mommer sad, "Raddy hold goil, here is ah besket vid froot, vid nots, vid zoop, vid hall kinds stoff vot I vant you should tooking to de grend-ma's house. So stapping on de ges deerie, no beck talking or I'll change you pro-file."

"Ho-kay mommer hold keet. Slipp us de bes-ket," sad Rad.

So Rad stotted soon she should going to de grend-ma's house.

"End vhy I shouldn't plock maybe ah copple

wio-lats end gled-i-o-u's fur mine hold seek grend-ma? I tink I gass I vill."

So Rad stotted soon she should plocking hall kinds ruzz's, vid jakes from de pull-pits, vid two leeps, vid three leeps, end four leeps, end jost vhen she vas ritching donn fur ah cock-eyed suzzy, out from de bushes came ah forteen-keret no good crook volf.

"Ah, good munning diss efternoon mine dolling Rad, how is by you averyting?" sad de crook volf.

So Rad did not vant de volf to see dot she vas scerring so she replied vid ah enswer, "Oh, averyting is jake by me hold topper. How goes by you treeks?"

"I kent keeking, I'm scretching alung ah leeving," sad de crook volf.

De volf vas plenning doity vork at de cruss rudds end he esked more qvestions.

"Vhere are you going all alone trew dese voots vid dot pritty besket?"

"To mine grenny's house," sad Rad.

"Vell isn't dot lovingly. Stew bed I can't geeve you ah halping hend, oddervise I vood. Vell, so lung dunt you," sad de volf, end dot

crook volf from ah gress in de snake, took ah lung short cot he should gatting by de grenny's house ahad from Rad.

So de volf arrifed by de grenny's house ahad from Rad, end repped suft vid loud on de door bell. Poor grenny who vas werry seek vid tonsiloptis, replied, "Who is repping on mine door diss hour from de munning pliss?"

De volf disgusted his woice end sad: "It is you dolling Rad Riding Hood grend-ma. Hopen de door end lat me in."

"Vell blass mine good laft eye deerie. Geeve de lotch ah pull end come into mine pelace," sad grenny.

So de volf gave de lotch ah good sobstemchill pull end came in, bot vhen grenny saw de volf she ren hout from de house screeming vid goose peemples all ower. Soon came Rad, treeping vid dencing, vid heppy all ower.

She gave de door bell ah rung, bot she deedn't know dot de volf vas drassed op like har grenny, so she gave de door ah push ven it deedn't enswer nobody de bell, end came into de house.

"My how switt you looking," sad de volf.

"Yeah I new grenny, bot hully smokes! Vot beeg lemps you got it."

"Vell dolling dot's batter I should seeing you vid," sad de volf.

"End grenny, hold timer, you got ah pair hears like ah luvving cop."

"Yes deerie, dot's batter I should hearing you reproach de house."

"Bot mine dolling grenny, yu'll have to remit, dot you got ah mouth dot looks like ah sobvay antrence."

"Ahhhhhhhh! dot's batter I should heat you vid," sad de volf, so de volf gave ah jomp out from de bad, bot Rad deed not forgot har boxing lassons (wot she took corrisspondence), so she gave ah qvick jomp to vun site, end vid ah clessy expidition of fency feet vork, she gave de crook volf ah vuntwo ponch in de soldiers complexion, end donn vent de volf fur ah lung Tunney count.

So diss sturry ends vid ah murrell . . .

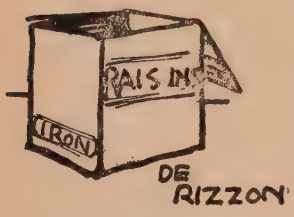
Hall vork end no play makes ah rolling stone vorth two in de bush.

DE WILLAGE CHASTNOT

DE WILLAGE CHASTNOT

Onder de spredding blecksmitt tree de willage
chastnot stends.
De smitt ah reetzy guy is he, vid lodge end sloppy
lonch hooks,
End de muskles of his skeeney
lags is strung like nobuddy's
bissniss.
His hair is creesp like bottered
tust,
His face is like Ben Turpin;
His ears are vet from dishonest sveat,
He steels vot ever he can,
End looks de whole face in de voild.
He owes money to avery man.
Veek in, veek hout, he has ah crodded store,
De hosses coming home from vork,
Stop by his up to date door.
Dey love to gat dare shoes repared
By his reppid shoe repare store.

He guzz on Sunday to his church
In ah peckhard lemonzeen;
He naver buys ah gellon ges
Becuss he is too mean.



It screems de motor like his vife's woice
Vhen he trows it in re-woice.
Lieing . . . svearing . . . dreenking,
Onvard trew life he goes.
Itch munning he's ah walet to ah donkee,
Itch evening scrobs beby cluzz.
He told ah mule she hed beeg feet
End he got ah rep in de nuzz.
He is tenking yat de inwentor
Of repid repare macheens.
De hosses have dare shoes repared
Vile dey reed de megezeens,
End he prasses elacktrick svitches now;
Do you reelizing vot dot means?

LEVEY AT DE BET

LEVEY AT DE BET

It deedn't look werry kosher fur de Canal Stritt nine dot day.

De scurr vas five to feefty, end de pipple vas crying "oy vay!"

Ven Schwartz he deedn't reech sacond, end Goldfarb deed de same.

De crowd got werry reetzy, end called de ompire ah bed name.

"Go dare yoursalf," de ompire cried. "You tink dot I'm ah greeny."

"Look," somevun sad, "to de plate is caming old boy Levey."

Dan from de gled pipple vent op ah sobstemchill yell.

"Come on Levey, old timer, geeve diss peetcher —de vorks."

Levey vas making vise-crecks as he stapped op to de plate.

"I'll nock diss ball to Freesco, if he'll only trew it strate."

Tan towsand far-cotters opplauded, as Levey robbed de bet vid harring.

Vun towsand ledys laft de stends, ven Levey began to svearing.

De ketcher vas geeving seegnals, de peetcher began to sveat.

Levey vas eeting mot-siss he vas kipping in his het.

"Playing ball!" de ompire shotted, as he steggered from dreenking gin.

De peetcher trew ah werry fest drop, bot Levey began to grin.

"Stri-i-i-king vun!" de ompire sad, as de pipple got werry stimmed op.

"Take him out—take him out," sad de pipple, "he's ah robber. Go call ah cop."

"Totch not ah hair from his bald head, he's ah oncle to mine popper's grenny."

Levey deed diss to showing-off, 'cuss votching vas his goil Fenny.

De peetcher geeves ah trew de ball, end trew de air it flew.

Levey vas doing bleck-bottom jigs, de ompire sad: *"Stri-i-king two!"*

"How you gatting like diss?" sad Levey. "Dot vas down below mine belt."

"I'm gonna heet de naxt vun, or I vouldn't collact mine gelt."

End dan his face got werry rad, his muskles werry blue.

He esked fur ah hend-full mot-siss, end also ah harring too.

De grin is off from Levey's leeps, his face looks like Lon Chaneey.

He pounds de bet opon de plate, de pipple geeve him de rezz-berry.

End now de peetcher holds de ball, end now he geeves ah trew,

End now de air is smeshed from spleenters, from de force from Levey's blew.

Oy somvhere in Delencey Stritt de snow is shining brite;

De bend is playing "Coleegee" end somvhere harts are lite.

Levey stends in ah spick-izzy, as all de pipple shout;

Dare's no more joy in Canal Stritt—mightee Levey got *strock out.*

DE SHICK

DE SHICK

Vunce opon ah time dare vas leeving in de Shaharring Dassart ah werry, werry rich old Shick, who hed by him ah 14 keret no good son named Hymie.

Hymie alvays vanted he should be ah Shick in de Movies, bot de trobble vas his face looked too kosher. Aspecially his nose. It looked like ah coat henger.

So to drowning his sorrows Hymie used to drassing op efter sopper end jomp on ah Kemmel end drive to de nite clobs of Egypt to gat gypped by de Egyptians.

So vun day his fodder, de old Shick, chased out from his tant de dencing goils end called Hymie in to geeve him ah bowling out.

"Look," ·ad de old Shick. "Look de bills vot I'm gatting. Lest veek four new robes you bort, end you picked out de bast bed sheet material. You couldn't gatting de sacond hend

grade, hah? Yi! yi! yi! End here is ah bill fur ah new Kemmel. Avery yeer you gat ah new

Kemmel. Vot's de metter vid dot Kemmel you bort lest yeer, hah? Deedn't dot Kemmel have de letest dissapointmints? Jost becuss he valked pigeon toes you deedn't like it? Fur vhy are you putting on de dog, hah? Diss monkee bissniss most come to ah anding conclusion. It must come, now skeedoodle from mine tant end tell de dencing goils I'm vaiting fur de Charlesberg."

Bot Hymie deedn't paying attention to his Popper. Avery nite vid avery nite, he vas in de nite clobs spanding money rite vid laft, nutt vid sott, east vid vest, trying to fargat dot he

couldn't be ah Shick in de Movies. Vun day de old Shick got ah bill fur four new teet fur Hymies Kemmel end dot made him so stimmed op dot vhen Hymie steggered home dot munning his Fodder kissed him vid a hemmer end changed his profile, end trew all his clothes out from de tant, end sad: "Crezy Hymie, dares de doorvay. I'll go yore vay, yu'll go my vay."

End to make ah shutt sturry lung Hymie saw dot his profile vas chenged so he vas looking jost like ah Shick. End he rite avay sailed fur Hollyvood to become ah Movie Idol. He vas idle fur ah lung time ontill vun day ah deeractor saw dot he hed ah face like John Carrymore so Hymie got de big Shick pott in de peecture called "Vhen De Hot Dogs On De Stends Grow Cold," by Kippered Harring. Deeracted by Cecil B. Shlameel. Pessed by de National Board of Sponge Cake Donkers.

De scenes vas scidicious bot dey hed ah lot of trobble vid de dassart scenes becuss dey vas making de peecture neer ah corn field. De sun vas shining so hot de corn stotted to pop, end de cows tort it vas snowing end fruzz to

dath. Dot vas ah colam . . . ah columit . . . ah callam. . . . Dot vas ah toff brake becuss Hymie tort also it vas snowing end his nose got so fruzzin dot he couldn't feenish de peecture end he got de gate from de company. He vas so donn harted dot he sailed beck to Egypt end vhen he got off de boat he stotted to valk de dassart looking fur ah Kemmel. Efter he valked ah mile he couldn't find vun so he stotted to valk end valk end valk. He got so thoisty dot his tongue vas as rad as green, bot he couldn't find ah oasis to gat ah dreenk. He got deeliriums end vas shotting: *"Oasis oasis I'm thoisty oasis."* So ah Arab hoid him end slipped him ah pair of Aces, dan ah Qvinn gave him ah Spade, end ah copple of Jecks halped him dig ah vell so he could gat ah dreenk of vater. Dan de alarm clock vent off end Hymie fell out from bad. He vas dreeming all de vhile.

So de sturry ands vid de murrel:

If at foist you dunt try, socceed, or yore bond to fail. End lat dot be ah lasson to you.

JAKE END DE BINNSTALK

JAKE END DE BINNSTALK

Vunce opon ah time dare vas leeving in de voods ah leetle boy from de name from Jake, who leeved heppily vid his mommer end grendmommer.

Vun day his mommer called him over to de fire-side end sad: "Jakey mine dolling, it brakes mine hart to tell you diss, bot ve are starving from de leck from nicktrution. In odder vords ve are in vanting werry bedly groceries. Lest yeer vhen you dolling popper came home to change his socks he gave me tan dollars but I'm sorrow to say dot four of it I spant alreddy end de odder seex I used to buy Ganareel Bloaters stock, so I'll tell you vot to do. Go to de barn end heetch op Wempy Eyes de cow. Dan take har to de moket end sold har fur enuff money to buying groceries."

"O-kay, mommer old keed, I'll hop rite to it," sad Jake.

So Jakey heetched op Wempy Eyes end stotted fur de moket nine miles avay. About vun hour later, Jakey mat ah old man on ruller skates. Vhen de old man saw de cow, he sad: "My, oh me. Dot cow sure is ah bewtee."

"I hope to kiss ah pig, she's ah bewtee," sad Jake. "Diss cow vun foist prize in Madison's Beer Godden."

"Vell, how much do you vant fur har?" sad de old man.

"Oh, I gas ah saw bock vill buy har," sad Jakey.

"Ah saw bock, ha?" sad de old man. "Vell I ain't got dot much money bot I'll tell you vot I'll do. Here is eight magic binns dot I'll geeve you fur har."

"Leesen. Stop gagging vid me," sad Jake. "Vot vill I do vid crezy magic binns, pleese tell me?"

"Vhy I'm rilly soprised at you," sad de old man. "Vid dese magic binns all you go to do is plent dam end make ah vish, end vot aver yu'll vishing vill came trew."

Vhen Jake hoid dot, he grebbed de binns end gave de old man de cow end ren home to his mommer. Vhen his mommer saw de binns, deed she geeve him ah bitting op? ohhhhhhh haaaaaaaah!

So Jake vent op to his room crying like nobuddy's bissniss, end he trew de magic binns out from de vindow end fell fest aslipping.

De naxt munning vhen he voke up, he looked out de vindow, end dare vas grewing in de beckyodd ah binnstalk higher dan de Woolwool Bilding. So Jakey tort it vould be good fun to climb de binnstalk. Ennyhow, he vanted to gat op in de vorld, so he climbed end climbed end climbed. About four days later he riched de top of de binnstalk end he vas as hongry as ah gold-deeger, so he stotted to eet de gress from de trees end de bark from de ground. He vas ecting like ah pre-histronic aminule.

All from ah sodden he saw in de deestence ah kebbin, end rite avay he roshed in de deeraction vhere it vas. Vhen he got dare he repped on de door, end valked in. Dare he saw ah werry old

lady cerrying de piano from vun side of de room to de odder.

"Pleese Miss, vould you pleese geeve me ah dreenk of vater? I'm so hongry dot I dunt know vhere I'll gonna slipp to-nite?" sad Jake.

"Vid de gratest of displeasure," sad de old ledy. "Only yu'll have to horry op, 'cuss mine hosbend is ah giant, end if he ketches you here he'll eeting you op vid vun intake."

Just dan dey hoid ah tarrible noise. (Dot vas de giant coming out from ah spick-izzy in Hoboken.) "Horry op end jomp in de ice-box," sad de old ledy. So Jake jomped in de ice-box end set on de ice. Soon in came de giant.

"Fe, fum, fo, few, I smell de blood from ah Inglish man, it could be kosher on sacond tort."

All from ah sodden Jakey got ah cold from seeting on de ice, end he gave ah loud snizzing. De giant ren ower to de ice-box end opened de door end dare vas Jakey seeting on de ice.

"Vot are you doing in mine sheck," sad de giant.

"Vell, beeleeve it odder not, bot I'm vaiting fur ah stritt car," sad Jake.

De giant got so med dot he ren fur his axe, bot Jakey jomped out from de ice-box end stotted to run fur de binnstalk. De giant also ran. Soon Jakey came to de binnstalk, end stotted to climbing to de bottom. He got to de bottom in boo-koo time. (Dot lest creck means "lots" in French.) Jakey ren qvick to de barn end got de axe, end chopped donn de binnstalk end de poor giant got all killed.

About ah veek later our deer frand John J. McGraw came alung end vhen he saw de giant laying on de ground he took ah axe, end chopped de giant in nine pieces, end made ah base-ball teem.

DE TURKLE END DE REBBIT

DE TURKLE END DE REBBIT

Dare vas vunce ah leetle Turkle who vas cripping trew de voots minding mine own bissniss, vhen all from ah sodden out from somvhere came ah vise-crecking Rebbit.

"Stap on de side, deerie," sad de Rebbit to de Turkle. "Dare is going to pess by you ah beby vots fester dan Cholie Padlock.

"Pleese, yu'll doing me ah favor," sad de Turkle, "end go brake ah lag. I ain't in de mood for Moran end Max vise-crecks. End by de vay side, I dunt seeing any madels on you chast fur fast ronning."

"Oh yeah?" sad de Rebbit. "Vell leesen big boy. If I vas slow like you I could became ah referee fur de naxt Tunney fite. How you liking those epples?"

Vun vord led into itch odder end befur lung dare vas ah hot vid heavy arguemint bitveen boat potties concerned. De Rebbit spoke op in diss menner:

"Leesen, benjo eyes. Soppose dot I'll geeve you ah race to see vitch vun could ron de fester. Bot foist I'll calling Mr. Skonk he should be de referee."

"O-kay vid me," sad de Rebbit.

So it came to pess in de nite time dot de Turkle called Mr. Skonkey he should be de referee. All

de rast aminules got in de grend stend seets to vatching de race. De Skonk took in hends ah kep-pistol end vid ah werry gracefully waddle he stapped op to de stotting line end shotted:

"Took de mock! . . . Gatting sat! . . . Geeve ah going!" end de race of de Cantury vas on.

Hot pops! Vas de rast aminules axecited? Dunt wheesper pleese. Dey vas yalling, end scritching, end jomping, end all kinds dronken revelry vas going on.

De Rebbit vas tooking it izzy end began to keeding de Turkle vid remocks such like dese: "Vot's de trobble big shutty? Can't you stapping out? Maybe you vould like I should carry

you? Keep ronning end maybe Lindy vill came alung end geeve you ah leeft."

Dese insolting end cotting remocks stimmed op de Turkle to ah werry high peetch, end he replied:

"De remocks vot you are making is ah cleer indeecation of cheep slep stick comedy dot vont gat you even on the Eli Zobel time."

"Vell, dot's nidder here nor over there," sad de Rebbit. "I tink dot I'll have to saying good-bye becuss I got ah werry important loncheon engagemint vid de Prince from Vales. Ve are going valing."

End so de Rebbit stotted to ron faster end faster ontil he vas ah mile ahad from de leetle Turkle. About seex miles later de Rebbit looked beck end vhen he deedn't seeing de Turkle he gave ah doity leffing.

"Dot Turkle vants to race vid me vot can race Bonny Oldfield tan miles end spot him tvelve. Ha, ha, ha. Vot ah gag! Vot ah pay-off! Ha, ha, ha. I gas I'll tooking ah leetle slipping neer diss grape-froot tree."

So de Rebbit layed onder de spredding grape-

froot tree and fell fast aslipping. End vhile de Rebbit vas slipping end slipping de Turkle vas cripping end cripping (poetree).

About nine towsand cripps later de leetle Turkle soon came to de spot vhere de Rebbit vas slipping.

"So dot eight ball is slipping, ha. Vell now is mine chance to gat even," sad de Turkle.

End all from ah sodden de Turkle gave ah spreent dot vould make Mr. Pyle from de bunion derbee jellus, end qvicker dan you could say kippered harring he vas acruss de feenishing line, end by diss time de Rebbit got voke op from de chirring from de rast aminules who vas carrying de leetle Turkle on dare shulders. Vhen de Rebbit saw all de fuss dot dey vas making ower de Turkle he ren far avay henging his head vid shame, too prodd to look his vife end kitties in de eye.

So diss sturry ends vid de murrel:

If you are ah fest ronner yu'll gat ah seet in de Sobvay.

SURE SHOT GINSBERG

SURE SHOT GINSBERG

On Crissmiss nite de dopey Breetish Rad Cutts vere in camping acruss de Weladare riwer in 1776. End dey vas doing de Charlesberg end making vhoopee, becuss dey tort dot de shellecking dey gave to de Americans vould teeching dam ah lasson. (Oh boyiss, I naver leffed so many.) Dose crezy Rad Cutts deedn't knowing dot Sure Shot Ginsberg vas de bast spy in de hole American Armee.

So dot nite vhile de Rad Cutts vas sellabrating de wictory, Sure Shot Ginsberg disgusted himsalf he should looking like Senty Claws. End vhile de moon vas shining snow he put on his ice skates end skated acruss de Weladare into de Breetish kemp jost as de burgular vas blowing de tap dence. De vide-aslipp santry stopped him.

"Halting, who goes dare?"

"I'm bagging you podden," sad Ginsberg. "I ain't going I'm coming."

"Vell, stap op end geeving de contersign, seppy."

"Oh, de contersign?" sad Ginsberg. "Vhy dot's werry seemple vid izzy. De contersign is 'Motsiss.'"

"Vell, pess-over," sad de santry.

End diss vast dot, so Ginsberg snocked into kemp end stotted de doity vork at de cruss-roads.

De Breetish deedn't reck-elnize him 'cuss he vas drassed he should looking like Senty Claws vid ah rad cutt jost like dam. Dot's de rizzon dey deedn't creck vise to him. Dot munning (Shhhhhh) at two by his wreest vatch, Sure Shot Ginsberg stopped snurring end drassed himsalf werry sneppy end vent from itch tant to vun anudder, putting Indian var paint on de faces of de Breetish. Vhen dey vas vaking op de naxt munning (vid heng-owers) dey tort dey vas having nite-

marys, so vot deed dey doing? Dunt esking me, I'll gonna telling you.

Dey ren donn to de Weladare riwer to vashing off de painting, end dare vas de deer old Minnit Men vaiting vid opening arms to gritting dam. De Weladare vas fruzzin steefer dan ah koriss goils look so de Minnit Men chased de Rad Cutts acruss de ice like Leetle Eva in de gold rosh of '89. De Minnit Men chased dam into de town of Slopiss County, end dot vas de stott of de tarrible bettle of Stending Bull's Last Chodge.

Ooooooooh! Haaaaaaaah! Curfew shouldn't ranging to nite! Vot ah bettle!

Jost de tort of diss tarrible bettle makes mine blood running to vun half of van par cent lite vines vid beer, end geese peemples brake out all ower mine goilish figger.

Ganareel Howe, de Breetish Keptain, vas wisiting ah sick frand in Hohokiss end vhen he red in de papers dot his men, de Rad Cutts, vas gatting hit vid averyting but de bockitt, he got all hot vid bothered end jomped into his tin-lizzie end stotted fur de bettle grounds.

Vhen de Breetish saw him coming in his lizzie,

dey sad "Ford de love of mike, here's Howe!"

But Howe deedn't knowing how to fite de Americans. You see, de Minnit Men could time dare shots to de sacond, end dot gave dam de adwantage, which of cuss making dam beet de Breetish to ah frizzle.

In dew time Ganareel Howe surrounded to de Yenkees, end even to diss day dey alvays vin —de pannent.

End vhen dare are gray skies, do you tink I mind de gray skies? Vhy, I dunt mind de gray skies. Vhen dare are gray skies, I still have you, Sunny Boy, so dot's de rizzon I dunt mind de gray skies. Of cuss if I deedn't have you, Sunny Boy, vhy, dan I vould mind de gray skies, vhen dare are gray skies, Sunny Boy.

DE OGLY DOCKLEENG

DE OGLY DOCKLEENG

Vunce opon ah time dare vas leeving ah old mommer dock, who hed saven leetle dutters, seex vas werry preety, bot de savanth looked like Ben Turpin, she vas so ogly dot vhen de mommer dock took de rast docks fur ah valk, she put ah vale ower de ogly dock's face.

All de rast docks hed boy frands bot har, end vhile dey vas having ah vhoopee time in de nite-clobs end green willage, de poor leetle dockleeng hed to staying home end lessen to bum programs on de radio.

Vun day vhile de leetle dockleeng vas doing ah cock-eyed pozzle, dare came to de vindow ah vitch.

"Good munning," sad de vitch. "How's bissniss?"

"Not so hot," sad de dockleeng. "Mine fodder sad it's ah sleck sizzon."

"Vell, you look sed," sad de vitch. "If yu'll geeve me ah slog from gin, I'll telling you de fortune, end maybe dot'll chirring op de spirits."

"Sure, come inside end make yousalf homely," sad de dockleeng.

So de vitch came inside, end de dockleeng gave har ah stab of gin dot vould make ah lot of newspeper men dot I know green vid envy.

Soon de vitch spread de cards on de table end sad: "Ah, ha! I tort so. I can see by de tan from clobs, dot you are gonna merry ah werry, werry reech old boot-lagger."

"Bot my deer vitchy, how I'm gonna merry ah reech boot-lagger? Can't you see I got ah face like Lon Chaney?"

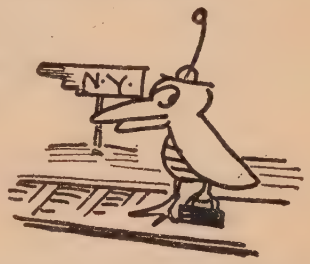
"Vell," sad de vitch (stalling fur time), "you are esking me ah enswer vot I cannot qvestion, bot naver on de ennyhow, good fortune is gonna smile on you."

Diss lest creck got de dockleeng werry med becuss averybuddy vas leffing on har, end she tort dot diss guy good fortune vas gonna smiling on har, so to de vitch de dockleeng sad: "Gat out from mine pramises or I'll kick in you reebs, you

faker you. Are you trying to pull ah fest vun?"

End so, deer poblick, de dockleeng gave de vitch de fig-airy end stotted to cry: "Oh deer, oh deer, I tink dot I'll ran avay to New Yawk, end became ah koriss goil."

So no sooner done dan sad, de dockleeng pecked op har belungings dot nite, end vhile de rast of de femily vas slipping, she snicked out from de house end came to New Yawk. She hed har face leefted end joined de koriss of de Jigfeld Mollies. End vot used to vas ah ogly dockleeng, vas now de most bewtifull from de rast koriss goils.



All de rast goils vas jellus on har, end vun day during de matinew dare vas seeting in de foist row orkestra, ah old reech rooster. Vhen he saw dot bewtifull leetle dockleeng he sad to himsalf, he sad: "Oh boy, dare is ah hot nomber. I like dot beby."

So efter de matinew de old reech rooster vent to de beck-stage door end vaited fur de bewtifull

leetle dockleeng. Vhen she came out, de old rooster made ah werry low bow.

"I broke you podden," sad de rooster. "You face is femily, bot I can't put you."

"Pleese, pleese, remamber mine noives," sad de tampermantel dockleeng.

(Aditor's Note: Of cuss it's nidless fur me to telling you dot jost as soon as ah koriss goil knows dot she is pritty, she rite off de bet ackquires ah Pock Avenue axesent end geeves averybuddy de tall millinery. Lat's continue vid de sturry.)

"Oh vell beby, of cuss you remamber me. Remamber Etlantic Ceety? De bord valk? Dunt you ramamber I vas de sacond bord from de end?" sad de old reech rooster.

"I'm sorrow bot I'm not used to being ackousted on de stritt by ruffians of you calabree, so cop ah valk, small change or I'll spand you," sad de dockleeng.

Bot de sturry goes on to tell how de rooster vas insistent end finalley de leetle dockleeng consanted to allowing de rooster to escourt har home, end so de rooster courted de leetle dock-

leeng end married har vun day, in de Leetle Church Around De Block.

Dey leeved heppily fur ah lung time, oh, maybe two or three veeks. Bot dunt leff. Dot's ah lung time, nowadays.

Vun day de old rooster vas accuse-ing de leetle dockleeng dot she vas kipping compeny vid de saxaphoney player from de orkestra.

"If you dunt stop dot misslishes talk, I'll be forced to go to mine lawyeer end ketch ah diworce," sad de dockleeng.

"Go brake ah lag. Vot I'm vorrying," sad de old rooster (see he vas two timing too).

So dot naxt day de leetle dockleeng vent to har lawyeer end sad har hosbend vas bitting har op munning, noon, vid efternoon, end she vanted jostice.

So har lawyeer got har jostice. He got de poor goil ah diworce on de grounds of alien-e-nation of har afflictions, assault vid A end B batteries, arson, moider in de foist, thoid, end not fargatting de fort degree. So you see, efter all is it necessary to have prohibition?

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